

CANNON 20.



How often hath my pen (mine heart's
Solicitor!) Instructed thee in Breviat
of my case ! While Fancy-pleading eyes
(thy beauty's Visitor !) Have patterned to
my quill, an angel's face. How have my
Sonnets (faithful Counsellors !) Thee,
without ceasing moved for Day of Hearing !
While they, my Plaintive Cause (my faith's
Revealers h Thy long delay, my patience, in
thine ear ring.
How have I stood at bar of thine own
conscience; When in Requesting Court my
suit I brought! How have thy long
adjournments slowed the sentence, Which I
(through much expense of tears) besought!
Through many difficulties have I run, Ah,
sooner wert thou lost, I wis, than won!



CAN ZON 21.

ND is it by immutable Decree
(Immutable, yet cruel Ordinance!)
Ordained (still forced, I cry, " O strange
impiety ! ") On True Love, to impose such
tyrant penance ?

That We, unto each other shall
surrender The sealed indentures of our
love compacted ; And that thereof we
make such loyal tender As best shall
seem to them that so enacted !

Then list, while I advertise once again, ^a
Though we yield up our charters so
ensealed: Yet see that thou safeguard my
counterpane! And I, in heart, shall keep thy
bond uncanceled:

And so hereafter (if, at least, you please !)
We'll plead this Reclelivery was by duress !
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